

*Daugh.* Asever you heard, but say nothing?

1. *Fr.* No.

*Daugh.* They come from all parts of the Duke dome to  
Ile warrant ye, he had not so few last night  
As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl't up  
In two howres, if his hand be in.

*Iay.* She's loit

Past all cure.

*Bro.* Heaven forbid man.

*Daugh.* Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. *Fr.* Do's she know him?

1. *Fr.* No, would she did.

*Daugh.* You are master of a Ship?

*Iay.* Yes.

*Daugh.* Wher's your Compasse?

*Iay.* Heere.

*Daugh.* Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*  
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling  
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

*All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the  
Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your  
Whistle Master?

*Bro.* Lets get her in.

*Iay.* Vp to the top Boy.

*Bro.* Wher's the Pilot?

1. *Fr.* Heere,

*Daugh.* What ken'st thou?

2. *Fr.* A faire wood.

*Daugh.* Beare for it master: take about : *Singes.*  
*When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c.* *Exeunt.*

*Scena 2. Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

*Emilia.* Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must  
And bleed to death for my sake else; Ile choofe. *(open*  
And end their strife: Two such yong hanfom men  
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,  
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes  
Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a sweet face has *Arcite*? if wise nature  
With all her best endowments, all those beuties  
She sowes into the birthes of noble bodies,  
Were here a mortall woman, and had in her  
The coy denials of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,  
She would run mad for this man: what an eye?  
Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sweetnes,  
Has this yong Prince? Here Love himselfe sits smyling,  
Iust such another wanton *Ganimead*,  
Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god  
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him  
A shining constellation: What a brow,  
Of what a spacious Majesty he carries?  
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but far sweeter,  
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and honour  
Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory  
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing  
To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights  
Of gods, and such men neere'em. *Palamon*,  
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull shadow,  
Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy  
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,  
No stirring in him, no alacrity,  
Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a smile;  
Yet these that we count errors may become him:  
*Narcissus* was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:  
Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy?  
I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me,  
I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly  
That women ought to beate me. On my knees  
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,  
And only beutifull, and these the eyes,  
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command  
And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare crosse'em  
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting  
Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only  
From this howre is Complexion: Lye there *Arcite*,  
Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipsy.

And